DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#39

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SCOOBY-DOO!™

RIDE, RAGGY! RIDE!

STATON & HUNT

LIKE, I'M TRYING MY BEST TO STAY A-HEAD!

CHECK OUT THAT BILLBOARD. I CAN'T WAIT TO BE IN THIS RACE. THE WINNER GETS A TROPHY, AND A BANQUET IN HIS HONOR.

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

RANQUET? -:SLUURP:-

The Town Of Yawning Gap

Welcomes you to the Annual Bike Racing Championship

I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE BIG ON BICYCLING, SHAGGY.

ARE YOU KIDDING? I WAS ONCE VOTED PAPERBOY OF THE YEAR BECAUSE OF MY SPEEDY CYCLING.

I DISCOVERED SOMETHING WAY MORE IMPORTANT.

FOOD!

-:RHEE-HEE-HEE-HEE:-

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

FRED!

LOOK OUT!

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN INONE

SCREEEEECH

JOHN ROZUM - writer
JOE STATON - penciller
DAVE HUNT - inker
RYAN CLINE - letterer
PAUL BECTON - colorist
HARVEY RICHARDS - asst editor
JOAN HILTY - editor

ARE YOU GUYS OKAY?

Y-Y-YES.

I GUESS SO, BUT...

DIDN'T ANYONE TELL YOU YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE CROSSING THE STREET?

WHY ARE YOU TWO RIDING AROUND IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT ANYWAY? YOU COULD HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY HURT!

NAH. WE KNOW THOSE TRAILS LIKE THE BACK OF OUR HANDS. WE WERE JUST GETTING IN A LAST PRACTICE RUN BEFORE THE RACE...

BUT I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO ENTER THE RACE NOW.

IF YOU TWO HAVE BEEN PRACTICING SO MUCH, THEN WHY NOT?

BECAUSE OF THE *GHOST* WE JUST SAW.

RHOST?

LIKE, IT NEVER FAILS! WE CAN'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT THERE BEING A GHOST, OR MONSTER, OR MANIAC OF SOME SORT. WE SHOULD JUST STAY HOME, WHERE IT'S SAFE-- *AND* WHERE THERE'S A FULLY STOCKED KITCHEN!

WE WERE ABOUT HALFWAY THROUGH THE TRAIL, WHERE IT GETS ALL TWISTY AND TURNY, AND THERE HE WAS AT THE TOP OF THE NEXT HILL--

"...THE *HEADLESS BIKER!*"

HA-HA HA

HA-HA HA

"I HEARD THAT HE WAS A KID WHO WAS OUT BIKING, AND CAME AROUND A TURN, AND CAUGHT A BRANCH RIGHT AT HIS NECK AND OFF CAME HIS HEAD."

MWAH-HA-HA HA

HA-HA HA

MAN, WE'VE NEVER RIDDEN SO FAST. I BETCHA IF IT HAD BEEN THE RACE WE WOULD HAVE WON IN RECORD TIME.

LIKE, IF HE DIDN'T HAVE A HEAD, THEN HOW COULD HE LAUGH?

THAT'S JUST PART OF THE MYSTERY WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SOLVE HERE, GANG.

HAS ANYONE ELSE SEEN THIS GHOST?

OH YEAH. A BUNCH OF PEOPLE ALREADY DROPPED OUT OF THE RACE BECAUSE THEY'RE TOO SCARED TO RIDE NOW.

WHY DON'T YOU GUYS LOAD YOUR BIKES IN THE BACK OF THE VAN, AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT HOME.

I DON'T KNOW... WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO GET IN A CAR WITH STRANGERS.

LIKE, WE'RE NOT ANY STRANGER THAN A HEADLESS GHOST!

I'M GRAEME. THIS IS GAGE.

SHAGGY, YOU'LL NEED TO REST UP SO YOU'RE READY TO RACE TOMORROW.

RACE? TOMORROW? ME? LIKE, COUNT ME OUT!

LIKE, THERE'S A HEADLESS GHOST HERE! AND NO TROPHY IS WORTH THAT!

WHAT ABOUT THE ***WINNER'S*** BANQUET?

WHAT TIME'S THAT RACE START?

REAH, REAH. ROOBY-ROOBY-ROO!

SEE, SHAGGY, I TOLD YOU THOSE WOODS WOULDN'T SEEM SO SCARY IN THE DAYTIME.

YOU WERE RIGHT, DAPHNE. I'M GLAD I DIDN'T CHICKEN OUT!

ANNUAL YAWNING DAY BICYCLE RACING CHAMPIONSHIP

SNACKS

REGISTRATION

I THOUGHT THE RACE STARTED IN TWENTY MINUTES. WHERE ARE ALL THE OTHER RIDERS?

THERE AREN'T ANY. SO FAR, IT'S JUST MY SON, GARRETH-- AND NOW, I GUESS, YOUR FRIEND THERE.

WHAT A RELIEF! IF WE DIDN'T GET A SECOND RACER REGISTERED IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES, WE'D HAVE TO CANCEL THE RACE. OUR ONE RIDER WOULD HAVE WON BY A FORFEIT.

LIKE, HOW COME WE'RE THE ONLY TWO RIDERS?

YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T HEAR?

LAST NIGHT, GAGE HANKS AND GRAEME WHYNOT WENT TO GIVE THE TRAIL ONE FINAL PRACTICE RUN, AND NOBODY'S SEEN THEM SINCE. EVERYONE SAYS THE HEADLESS BIKER GOT THEM!

-:GULP:- I'M OUTTA HERE. I GUESS THAT TROPHY'S ALL YOURS THEN, GARRETH.

RELAX, SHAGGY. GAGE AND GRAEME ARE THE KIDS WE DROVE HOME LAST NIGHT...

NOT SO FAST!

IF GARRETH WANTS THAT TROPHY SO BAD, HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO TRY TO BEAT ME RACING--

IF HE *DARES!*

OH NO, *BRITTANY BONES!*

GEE, DAD, I DON'T FEEL SO WELL NOW, I'M KIND OF DIZZY ALL OF A SUDDEN.

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, GARRETH. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. GO OUT AND WIN THAT TROPHY.

BUT DAD...

...I'LL MEET YOU AT THE FINISH LINE.

SHAGGY, YOU'D BETTER RACE, JUST TO MAKE SURE THAT BRITTANY BONES DOESN'T TRY ANYTHING.

SCOOBY, YOU FOLLOW BEHIND, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS TOO. DON'T FORGET WE STILL HAVE A MYSTERY TO SOLVE HERE.

ROKAY. YOU CRAN COUNT ON RHEE!

RACERS, GET INTO POSITION.

FRED, DO YOU THINK BRITTANY BONES HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE GHOST?

MAYBE. YOU AND VELMA COME WITH ME.

WE'RE GOING TO CHECK OUT THE TRAIL CLOSER TO THE FINISH LINE.

ON YOUR MARK...

GET SET...

BANG

GO!

START

SWIP

HAVE A NICE *FALL!*

WHOH-OAH!

BUMP

LOOK OUT, GARRETH, YOU'RE NEXT!

WHOAH-OHH.

SOMEONE GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THE TRAIN THAT HIT ME.

SHRAGGY, RHOO ROKAY?

SCOOBY-DOO, IS THAT YOU?

WE HAVE TO CATCH UP TO GARRETH AND WARN HIM ABOUT BRITTANY. BUT HOW? LIKE, MY BIKE IS MORE TWISTED THAN A PRETZEL.

ROP ON.

YOU WANT ME TO RIDE ON YOUR BACK LIKE A HORSE? GREAT IDEA, SCOOB!

NOW, LET'S GO WARN GARRETH!

ROOBY-ROOBY-ROO!

SCOOBY, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE WAY? I DON'T SEE THE TRAIL ANYWHERE

HOOT HOOT

RHUT'S RAT?

JUST AN OWL-- I HOPE. LET'S KEEP MOVING.

SQEEE SQEEE SQEEE SQE

LISTEN, SCOOB. DO YOU HEAR THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE PEDALING A BIKE. WE'VE FOUND THE OTHER RACERS!

RHO HELMET.

NO HELMET?! LIKE, HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A *HEAD!*

ZOINKS!

MWAH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

RUN, SCOOBY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

RYE'M RUNNING!

MWAH- HA-HA HA-HA HA HA

FASTER, SCOOBY! HE'S GAINING ON US!

RYE'M RUNNING RAS RAST RAS I CRAN!

ANOTHER HUNDRED YARDS AND I WIN!

FINISH

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GARRETH. PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE AGONY OF DEFEAT!

MWAH-HA-HA HA HA-HA HA

WHAT THE HECK?...

YAGH! THE HEADLESS BIKER!

-:OOF:-

ZOINKS!

LOOK OUT FOR THAT BUSTED BIKE!

WHAM

PLOP

BUMP

YAY!

HURRAH!

WHOAH

WHOAH

WHOAH

WHOAH

CONGRATULATIONS!

GREAT RIDING, GARRETH!

FINISH

1ST

I'M NOT SURE WHETHER SHAGGY AND SCOOBY CAUGHT THE HEADLESS BIKER, OR IF THE HEADLESS BIKER CAUGHT SHAGGY AND SCOOB.

NOW TO SEE IF OUR DEDUCTION ABOUT THE HEADLESS BIKER'S IDENTITY WAS RIGHT.

ZZZIP.P

WE WERE RIGHT. IT'S MR. O'BRIEN.

DAD?!

WE HEARD YOUR FATHER SAY HE'D WAIT FOR YOU AT THE FINISH LINE. WHEN WE GOT HERE WE SAW HIS TRUCK, BUT HE WAS GONE.

THAT'S WHEN WE NOTICED THE BIKE TRACKS LEADING AWAY FROM THE TRUCK INTO THE WOODS, AS WELL AS PIECES CARVED FROM A PUMPKIN.

I JUST REALLY WANTED YOU TO WIN THAT RACE, SON. I FIGURED IF I SCARED OFF ALL THE OTHER RACERS, THAT TROPHY WOULD BE YOURS.

YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO WIN IT ON MY OWN, FAIR AND SQUARE!

WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU! I SAY WE DO THE RACE OVER-- WITH ALL THE RACERS THIS TIME!

COUNT US OUT. LIKE, ONE RACE WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ME!

HURRAY!

JUST BE SURE TO SAVE SOME OF THAT BANQUET FOR US. LIKE, ALL THAT EXERCISE GAVE US QUITE AN APPETITE!

HA HA

HA HA HA HA

RHEE TOO!

THE END

WE'RE NOW ENTERING ***PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COUNTRY***. THE AMISH MAINLY LIVE WITHOUT MODERN CONVENIENCES SUCH AS ***TELEPHONES***, ***TV***, OR ANYTHING ***ELECTRONIC***,

ACCORDING TO THIS BOOKLET, THIS AREA WAS SETTLED IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES BY GERMAN AND SWISS SETTLERS...

LIKE, I DON'T GET IT. THEY'RE ***GERMANS***, BUT THEY'RE FROM ***SWITZERLAND***, BUT THEY'RE ***DUTCH***?

RIT'S RONFUSING.

IT'S REALLY ***NOT*** THAT CONFUSING. THEY'RE OF ***SWISS*** AND ***GERMAN*** ANCESTRY. "DUTCH" IS JUST A VARIATION OF "DEUTSCH," THE ***GERMAN*** WORD FOR "GERMAN."

LIKE, IT'S ALL ***GREEK*** TO ME. I'M TOO ***HUNGRY*** TO CONCENTRATE.

GOSH, THERE CERTAINLY IS A LOT OF ***POLLUTION*** FOR FARM COUNTRY...

RE-ROO.

UH-OH. ***THIS*** COULD SLOW US DOWN A BIT.

LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE LOCALS WITH THE AMISH EQUIVALENT OF A ***FLAT TIRE***.

GROAN! LIKE, MY GUT'S GONNA ***IMPLODE*** IF I DON'T GET SOME GRUB.

SOON, SHAGGY, ***SOON***.

The Chocolatier Chortled!

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

BOB FINGERMAN - WRITER
ERIC DOESCHER - PENCILLER
BRIAN GARVEY - INKER
RYAN CLINE - LETTERER
PAUL BECTON - COLORIST
HARVEY RICHARDS - ASST EDITOR
JOAN HILTY - EDITOR

HAVING SOME TROUBLE WITH YOUR *WHEELS*?

ACTUALLY MY WHEEL IS BROKEN, AND I CAN'T CHANGE IT ALONE.

NO PROBLEM. WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP.

ON AN *EMPTY STOMACH*? LIKE CAN'T WE GET A SNACK AT THAT *FACTORY* FIRST?

'TIS GLOOMFUL, THE WAY THE AIR HANGS HEAVY WITH SMOKE FROM THAT *BANEFUL BASTION* OF *BADNESS*.

THAT PARCEL OF LAND WAS ONCE OWNED BY AMISH FOLK.

CONGLOMCO CANDY IS CONGLOMERRIFIC

LOST REVENUES CAUSED BY A BAD CROP FORCED THE FAMILY TO SELL TO THE *MODERNS*, AND THEY PUT THAT *SMELLY FACTORY* THERE.

B-BUT IT SAYS THAT IT'S A *CANDY* FACTORY.

AYE, BUT THE ONLY THING IT PRODUCES MORE *FOUL* THAN THAT SMOKE IS ITS BITTER, INEDIBLE CANDY.

ROW RISAPPOINTING.

IF IT'S TREATS YOU'RE CRAVING, YOU'LL BE WANTING TO STOP OVER AT ***JEBEDIAH JOHANNSEN'S*** PLACE.

HE IS THE VERY BEST ***CHOCLATIER*** AMONG THE AMISH. INDEED I DARE SAY HIS CONFECTIONERY IS THE ***FINEST*** IN THE LAND.

ROH BOY!

LIKE, SAY NO MORE! IF THERE'S ***SWEETMEATS*** TO EAT, SCOOB AND I ARE ***THERE!***

SADLY, EVEN THOUGH HIS CHOCOLATES ARE ***DELECTABLE***, OLD JEBEDIAH JOHANNSEN'S PLACE IS ***HAUNTED.***

ZOINKS! LIKE DIDN'T I SAY, "***SAY NO MORE***"?

DID YOU SAY "HAUNTED"?

AYE, 'TIS TRUE. JEBEDIAH'S PLACE IS HAUNTED BY A FEARSOME, ***CHOCOLATE-DRENCHED SPECTER***. JEBEDIAH'S BUSINESS HAS SUFFERED GREATLY.

I FEAR THE MODERNS WILL FORE-CLOSE ON ***HIS*** LAND SOON, TOO.

NOT IF ***WE*** CAN HELP IT. COME ON, GANG, LET'S CHECK THIS OUT.

SUDDENLY MY APPETITE IS, LIKE, ***GONE.*** ***GULP!***

RIGHT!

RE ROO!

SOME OF THOSE MODERNS ARE PLAIN, GOOD FOLK.

CONGLOMCO CANDY IS CONGLOMERRIFIC

HERE WE ARE-- AND THAT MUST BE MR. JOHANNSEN.

IF YOU'RE HERE TO FORE-CLOSE ON MY LAND, I STILL HAVE UNTIL MONTH'S END.

GOSH NO, MR. JOHANNSEN, WE'RE HERE TO *HELP* YOU.

A YOUNG FELLOW UP THE ROAD TOLD US YOU WERE HAVING *GHOST PROBLEMS!*

'TIS TRUE, INDEED. THIS PLACE BE HAUNTED BY THE SPIRIT OF MY LATE PARTNER, *EZEKIEL*, PRAY GIVE BALM TO HIS RESTLESS SOUL.

TWO SEASONS BACK, HE MET HIS ACCIDENTAL DEMISE BY TOPPLING INTO A VAT OF *MOLTEN CHOCOLATE.*

EZEKIEL'S GHOST HAS BEEN *TERRORIZING* THIS PLACE. I SENT MY FAMILY AWAY FOR FEAR HE MIGHT *HARM* THEM.

EZEKIEL USED TO LAUGH SO SWEETLY, BUT NOW IT IS THE *MALEVOLENT* LAUGH OF A GHOST.

OH, WORREH, WORREH-- MY BUSINESS IS *KAPUT!*

WE'LL SEE ABOUT RIDDING YOU OF THIS PHANTOM.

THE SKY DARKENS. NIGHT IS THE TIME EZEKIEL COMES!

TH-THAT *AROMA*. SO... *INTOXICATING*. LIKE, YOU GUYS WAIT OUT HERE WHILE *SCOOB* AND *I* CHECK IT OUT.

YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING TO GO WHERE THE *GHOST* IS? *THAT'S* A FIRST.

LIKE, ARE YOU SEEING WHAT *I'M* SEEING, SCOOB?

RESS! RESS RINDEED!

GULPITY-GULP! LIKE, GHOST HUNTING SHOULD *ALWAYS* BE THIS SWEET! *SLURP!*

SLUP-SLUP-SLUP!

MUNCH! MUNCH! BOY, OH BOY, SCOOB. WE'VE HIT *PAY DIRT* THIS TIME. I SHOULD SAY *PAY CHOCOLATE! MUNCH!*

REAH! RIS IS REE-LICIOUS! HEE-HEE!

CHOMP! MAYBE THAT OLD-TIMER WAS *MISTAKEN* ABOUT THE GHOST. *CHEW!*

BLOOP

SLUP, SLUP! REAH, RAYBE SO.

OR THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT! NYAH-HA-HA-HA!

ZOINKS! THE *G-G-GHOST!*

RIIIKES!

WAS THAT A SHRIEK?

COULD JUST BE THOSE TWO, *GORGING HAPPILY.*

OR IT COULD BE...

...THE *GHOST.* WE'D BETTER FIND OUT!

YIPE! OOOP! WHOA! COME ON, *FEET* LIKE, *COOPERATE!*

REAH, REAH! *ROOPERATE!*

NVAH-HA-HA! YOU *MODERNS* AND YOUR CRAZY *MODERN DANCE STEPS!*

RAGGY?

THIS FLOOR'S SO SLIPPERY, THE ONLY *SPLITTING* I CAN DO IS *THIS!*

MY *SHOES,* LIKE, THINK THEY'RE THE *GODFATHERS OF SOLE!*

TH-THANKS, SCOOB! I OWE YOU A *DOZEN* SCOOBY SNACKS!

ROO ROZEN!

NYAH-HA-HA!

LAST ONE OUT IS A *ROTTEN CANDY BAR!*

GANGWAAAAY!!!

RANGRAAAAY!!!

JINKIES!
WHOA!
THE GHOST IS *AFTER* US!
I APPRECIATE YOUR TRYING TO HELP ME, BUT IT'S NO USE.
NONSENSE. WE CAN'T JUST LET YOU GET *SPOOKED* RIGHT OUT OF BUSINESS.
YEAH, LET'S SEE ABOUT THIS GHOST.
LIKE, HOW COULD SOMETHING SO *SWEET* BE SO *SCARY*?
THAT CHOCOLATE SCENT IS *MESMERIZING*.
IT DEFINITELY REQUIRES ATTENTION. LET'S GO.
LIKE, THE *GOOEY GHOST* CAME OUT OF *THAT VAT*, AND *THAT'S THAT* FOR ME.
OKAY, *YOU* HANG BACK AND *WE'LL* INVESTIGATE.
MAYBE THIS INVESTIGATION NEEDS A *WOMAN'S* TOUCH.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU MODERNS LETTING THE *WOMENFOLK* IMPERIL THEMSELVES!

LIKE, YOU SEEM CONTENT TO ROOST WITH US *CHICKENFOLK.*

YOU'VE GOT A *POINT.*

THESE TRACKS SEEM TO LEAD *TO* AND *FROM* THE VAT.

YES, AND THEY LEAD RIGHT UP TO THIS PAIR OF *GLOWING BOOTS...*

GLOWING BOOTS?!?

JINKIES! THE *GHOST!*

NYAH-HA-HA-HA!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE FLOOR IS SO *SLIPPERY,* IT'S HARD TO RUN!

NYAH-HA-HA! YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE!

YOU MODERN WOMEN CAN'T OUTRUN AN OLD-FASHIONED GHOST LIKE ME! NYAH-HA-HA!

WE FOUND HIM!!!

YOU'VE DRIVEN OFF MY FAMILY, EZEKIEL, BUT YOU'LL NOT BE HARMING ANYONE WHILE I STILL HAVE MARROW IN MY BONES!

BRAVE WORDS FROM A MAN WHOSE CHOCOLATE BUSINESS IS SOON TO BE A BITTER-SWEET MEMORY!

WAIT A MINUTE! SOMETHING'S AMISH... I MEAN AMISS HERE! THAT GHOST IS NO GHOST!

HE DOES A LOT OF BOASTING FOR A GHOST...

...ESPECIALLY AN AMISH GHOST.

AMISH.

GRAB HIM!

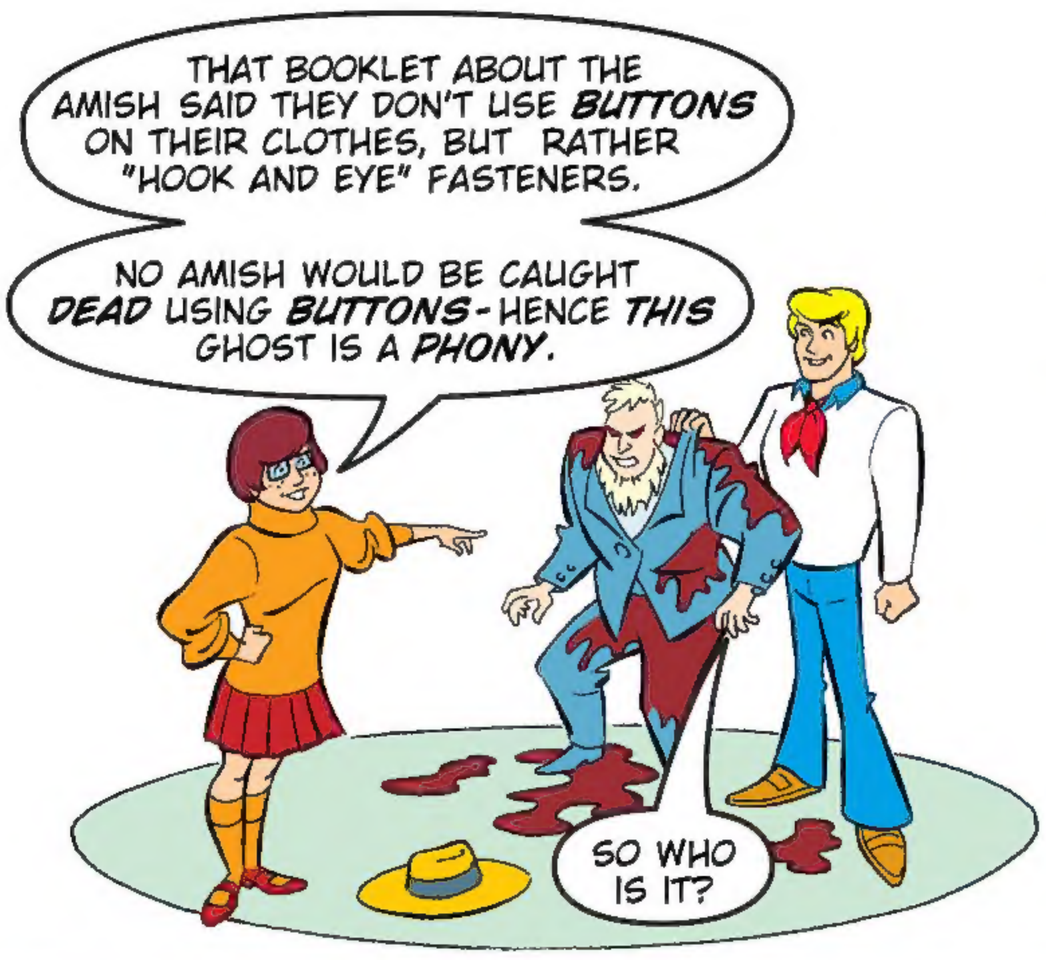
OKAY!

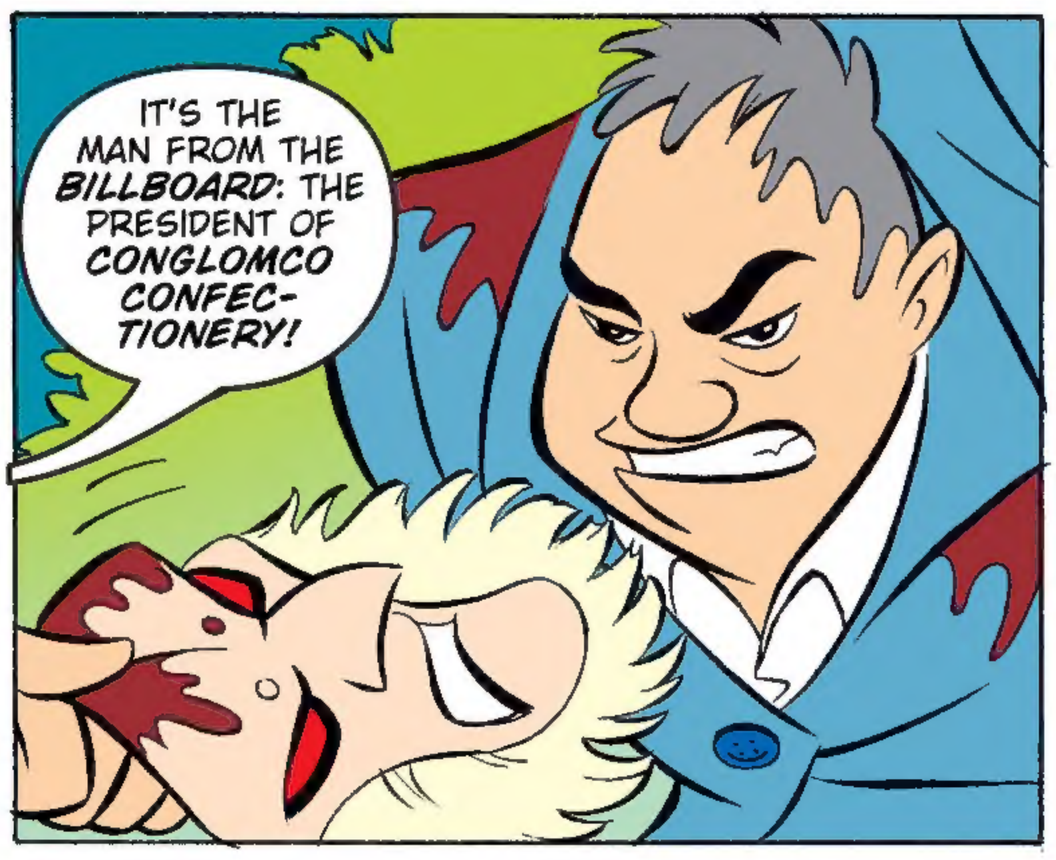
RO RHOST?

NO GHOST?

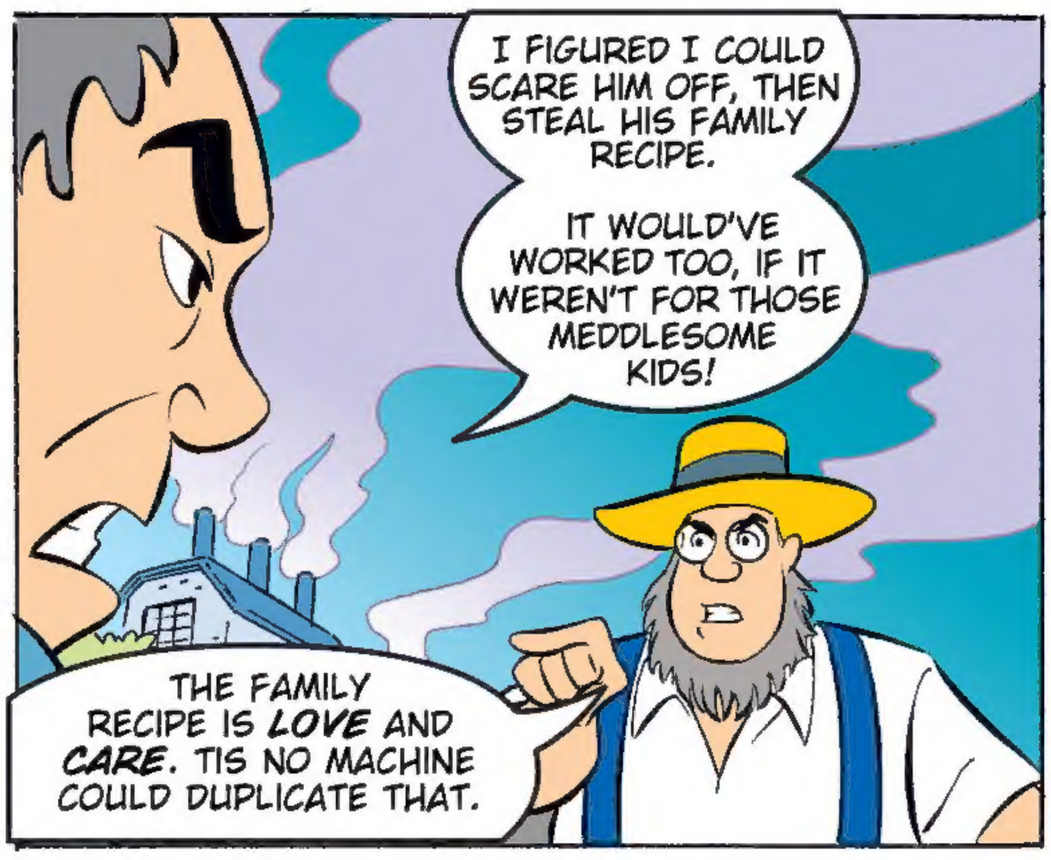
HE'S SOLID THROUGH AND THROUGH-- AND I DON'T MEAN SOLID CHOCOLATE!

OOOF!


THAT BOOKLET ABOUT THE AMISH SAID THEY DON'T USE BUTTONS ON THEIR CLOTHES, BUT RATHER "HOOK AND EYE" FASTENERS.
NO AMISH WOULD BE CAUGHT DEAD USING BUTTONS - HENCE THIS GHOST IS A PHONY.
SO WHO IS IT?


IT'S THE MAN FROM THE BILLBOARD: THE PRESIDENT OF CONGLOMCO CONFEC-TIONERY!

NO MATTER HOW HARD I'VE TRIED, I CAN'T MAKE GOOD CANDY. IT BURNED MY BRITCHES TO HAVE THIS COUNTRY BUMPKIN MAKE BETTER CANDY THAN ME!
I HAD LEFTOVER CHEMICALS FOR A GLOW-IN-THE-DARK CANDY THAT TASTED HORRIBLE. RATHER THAT WASTE IT, I COATED MYSELF WITH IT AND BECAME THE GLOWING GHOST!


I FIGURED I COULD SCARE HIM OFF, THEN STEAL HIS FAMILY RECIPE.
IT WOULD'VE WORKED TOO, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE MEDDLESOME KIDS!
THE FAMILY RECIPE IS LOVE AND CARE. TIS NO MACHINE COULD DUPLICATE THAT.

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH. NOW I CAN BRING HOME MY WIFE AND SON AND RESTORE THE GOOD NAME TO THE BUSINESS.
OUR PLEASURE, MR. JOHANNSEN.
SO, SCOOBY, NOW THAT THE GHOST IS GONE, YOU WANT SOME CHOCOLATE?
LIKE, I THINK SCOOB IS ALL CHOCOLATED-OUT AND WANTS A PLAIN OLD SCOOBY SNACK.
REAH, REAH! ROOBY, ROOBY, ROOOO!
END

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"